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HER SAD END WAS FORETOLD

Carlotla the Beautiful and Her Fate

OF FASCINATING CHARM

Men Pursued Her Wherever She Went.

New York, Dec. 27.—The New York World says:

At eighteen, "Carlo the Beautiful," is dead at her own hand, fulfilling the sinister prophecy of a mysterious woman who claimed the power to foretell her future, and who declared that she saw a tragedy at the end.

"Take the long, long journey to California which you will be invited to take," said this Indianapolis sibyl, "and you'll surely die. And your death will be sudden and terrible."

"Carlo," the Beautiful' laughed. She liked the prophecy. It was unusual, for one thing, and then it was so impossible! She told her friends about it. Most of them laughed because she did. Others were superstitious and would not laugh. So she laughed at them.

But fate always has the last laugh. In its strange, mysterious, inevitable way it was mapping out her life in accordance with the prophecy. Did the old fortune-teller, then, really foresee what would come to pass? Ah! that is another matter, which you may settle to suit yourself, as you are mystical and superstitious on the one hand, or logical and given to hard-headed common sense on the other.

What fate actually did was to introduce to "Carlo the eBautiful," at Indianapolis a young man named Robert Hemingway. At first she admired him, and within a week she loved him.

"Carlo the Beautiful" recalled the words of the fortune-teller then. They did not seem so laughable as they had seemed at first. It was wonderful, she admitted, how this part of the "fortune" had come true. But, pshaw! What could that old woman have known about it? Fortune-tellers were excellent things for a girl who had a little money to squander and plenty of time to kill, but as for permitting them to control one's life, that was quite another affair. Besides, she could not bear the thought of a separation from the man she had so quickly and deeply learned to love. She shrugged her shoulders and dismissed the prophecy. She told Hemingway that she would go.

At San Francisco Hemingway introduced her as his wife, but when, six weeks after her visit to the fortune-teller, she had killed herself for love of Him, he turned coward. While her body was being prepared for burial he spoke about her in such a manner that the authorities of the race-track where he kept his running horses ruled him off. The President of the New California Jockey Club declared that no man who would thus defame a woman could ever again enter the Ingleside inclosure.

She was known in Cincinnati and Covington as "Carlo the Beautiful." She was so called at Indianapolis, where she lived a very little time, and in Hot Springs, Ark. They called her "Carlo the Beautiful" in San Francisco.

Her real name was Carlotta Steffens, but in Cincinnati she was oftener called by the name of her stepfather, Campiglio. In Indianapolis she used her own name and in San Francisco she was known as Mrs. Hemingway.

It is said that her father was a rich grocer in New York, and that her mother divorced him. The mother married C. F. Campiglio, at one time a famous soloist, who was for many years organist of St. John's Episcopal church in Cincinnati. He also had a music store in Covington, Ky., which is just across the Ohio river from Cincinnati.

When she should have been a gawky school-girl, Carlo was a woman in appearance and marvelously lovely. At fourteen she was called the most beautiful girl in Cincinnati. She compelled admiration when she appeared on the streets. As she walked along five persons out of six would turn their heads to look at her. The dark beauty of her face was equalled by the perfection of her figure.

When, according to the ordinary rules which govern the development of young girls, she should have been in school and wearing short dresses, she had admirers by the score.

There seems to have been a certain pagan simplicity about her nature. She loved admiration as flowers love the sun; she loved laughter and fun and what are known generally as "good times," a phrase that covers more things than charity.

She was a little more than fourteen when she was ready to fly away from her home. Hemingway has told why, and he was ruled off the California racetrack for saying it. She remained away for several months and then returned to Cincinnati, but she did not stay long. Many places knew her and she was always light hearted and gay, her friends said.

"But I am so young, only remember," she said in that last pathetic letter she wrote, and the sentence throws a flood of life upon her life. She was very young, very foolish, and the realization of personal responsibility never seemed to have been awakened in her until the last few days of her life.

"Carlo the Beautiful" was snared by her own loveliness. She took delight in it as does a child who has not been awakened to the necessity of distinguishing between right and wrong. In these days of her coming and going love never blossomed in her heart, and those who knew her, especially those who provided the "good times," declared that it was lacking in her temperament. Hemingway also made that same statement.

Carlotta's very dear friend, Hazel Reid Greve, of Cincinnati, whose father is Hal Reid, a writer of plays, wept very profusely when she heard of the young woman's suicide. And Mrs. Greve said, amid her tears, that Carlotta was last in Cincinnati on the day that President Roosevelt visited the city. She remembered it distinctly, for it was on that day that "Carl," as Mrs. Greve called her, was ordered from the Grand Hotel.

"When she received the notice to leave the hotel she burst into tears," Mrs. Greve continued, "and turning to me she said: "Hazel, I shall kill myself some day; the world seems to be against me."

"That was the last time I ever saw her. She left Cincinnati at once. She told me that she was going to open a manicure parlor in Indianapolis. I am sorry that she killed herself. It was so unnecessary. If she had notified her friends here she could have obtained the assistance she needed. I shall send some nice flowers, and my friends shall do likewise. It would be too bad to have the obsequies appear weird and devoid of flowers simply because Carl killed herself as she did."

Carlotta Steffens did go to Indianapolis, where she associated herself with Miss Graham of New York, and they opened what they called a "toilet parlor" in one of the most prominent buildings in the city. They advertised themselves as Steffens & Graham, Masseuses and Manicurists."

She lived a very retired life at first, making a distinct effort to avoid meeting people, and particularly men, in a social way. But her extraordinary beauty made it impossible for her to remain in seclusion. People raved there, as they have everywhere she has appeared, over the loveliness of her face and her finely moulded figure. Her hair then was a glossy black, and she had a delicate olive complexion, relieved by the reddest lips and illumined by wonderful dark eyes.

Before she ever heard of Robert Hemingway, Carlotta Steffens went to see the seers. This particular person who delved into the future was a palmist and in nowise remarkable. She was one of the thousands who go about the country but she forttold truth.

Carlotta was accompanied by a friend for whom the seers prophesied a cheerful future with the usual light gentleman and dark lady in conjunction and the escape from the impending evil. But when she came to look at the hand of "Carlo the Beautiful" she studied it long and shook her head. She told some commonplace things and then paused. Carlotta urged her to go on. The manner and tone of the palmist changed.

"I do not care to tell you what I read in your palm,' she said—and there are many whom the conversation was repeated in addition to the young woman who overheard it—"I do not care to tell you because it may be possible that I may be mistaken and you would be needlessly alarmed."

"I am not afraid," laughed Carlotta, "go on. It's such fun to have a fortune that isn't all pleasant."

"It is very terrible," said the palmist, seriously. "I want to warn you that something deadful is going to happen to you."

"Please tell me everything,' insisted the girl with cheerful eagerness.

The palmist again studied her hand and again shook her head ominously. Finally she uttered the direful prophecy of death.

The firm of Steffens & Graham was beginning to prosper in Indianapolis when junior member decided that she would return to New York and the senior member confided to some of her acquaintances that she was going to marry Robert Hemingway. The excitement resulting from this announcement the friends forget all about the prophecy of the fortune teller although Carlotta Steffens said that he made his home in San Francisco during the winter. She declared that she had met Hemingway in Covington, Ky., where she passed her childhood.

It is true that Hemingways family did come from Covington, but she had not known him there. Hemingway's father had moved to Muncie, Ind., where he associated himself with his brother, who made a fortune in the manufacture of glass.

Carlotta Steffens did not make the announcement that she was going to be married until the day she left Indianapolis. She went to Chicago. Not long afterward some of her friends heard afterward that she was married and had started on a honeymoon.

Shortly after Carlotta Steffens left Indianapolis Robert Hemingway appeared in San Francisco with a very beautiful young woman whom he introduced as his wife. Hemingway is known in San Francisco as a horseman. He owned two race horses and devoted most of his time to trying to win money from the bookmakers. He is twenty-five years old and he says his health was shattered in the Spanish-American war by a bayonet wound. Hemingway declared that he was a non-commissioned officer in the Fifth Cavalry and that he was also with the Eleventh Infantry. He served in Cuba and Porto Rico.

For a time the couple lived in a hotel and then they moved to the fashionable Knickerbocker apartment house, where lived Conway T. Hemingway, Robert Hemingway's brother, and his wife.

Conway and his wife, Rose, accepted Mrs. Robert Hemingway and apparently they lived together very comfortably. Carlotta had beautiful clothes and she went to the races every day. There were scores of men to admire her, for she dazed people in San Francisco, where there are many beautiful women and more darling ones. Her black hair had become a rich shade of auburn and so skillfully was the change affected that none suspected that the color was not natural.

No one knows what the inner life of Robert Hemingway and "Carlo the Beautiful" was like. He has told many stories, but he has insisted in all of them that they never had a serious quarrel and that he had never the slightest idea that she was unhappy enough to kill herself. Far more convincing are the words in that last eloquent letter of hers:

"When you told me that you did not care to talk with me I just longed to kiss you, throw my arms about your neck, but you would have knocked me down, so I die without one kiss. But I had one long look at your dear face."

This letter seems positive evidence that the laughing, careless Carlotta had fallen in love at last, or rather that she had plunged in, placing all her hope, her faith and her trust on the weakest, feeblest of needs—and that she fell into the abyss.

That they quarrelled and that he made her unhappy there can be no doubt, but possibly it may have been the memories of her own life that contributed to her misery. But to those about her she gave no sign that she had suffered.

Robert Hemingway's statement at the inquest into the young womans death throws some light on their life together. He said that once Carlotta had threatened to kill herself. That was soon after their arival in San Francisco. Jockey McCue was in their room at the time, and became noisy. Carlotta ordered the jockey out and Hemingway sharply told her to be quiet, adding that he would get McCue out of the place.

"Oh, you care for your jockey more than you do for me,' she exclaimed, as she made a grap for a satchel containing a loaded revolver, which Hemingway explained that he always carried since he had served in the army. Hemingway said he took the revolver from her and removed the cartridges, handing them to his brother in an adjoining room.

"Do you think I would commit suicide over you?" Carlotta laughingly asked him when he returned.

That is Hemingway's version of the incident. He testified that on the night that Carlotta killed herself that he returned from the race-track about six o'clock in the evening. This was on Saturday, Nov. 30. He found her standing before a mirror.

Perhaps she was taking then a last look at herself, gazing upon her own beauty, in which she had taken so much delight in all her life.

"I spoke to her as I entered the room," Hemington said. "I happened to remember that my brother had spoken to me about a remark that Carlotta had made to his wife. I said to her "You must not gossip, as a gossip is a mischief-maker. You will make mischief, and I don't want you to gossip again.' After that the conversation ended. I then went to my dinner. After dinner my brother and myself went downstairs to buy the latest magazines.

"When we returned I heard the pistol-shot when I was in the hall. It seemed to come from our room. It made me faint. I could not go in. I went to Mr. Locke, the proprietor ,and asked him to enter the room."

Mr. Locke went to the room. He found "Carlo the Beautiful" lying on the bed, her mother's picture pressed close to her heart and a gaping bullet wound in her head. She had wound her beautiful hair in a towel to protect it from the flow of blood. On a dresser they found a letter to Robert Hemington and one to Mrs. Rose Hemingway. Carlotta had killed herself with the same revolver that Robert Hemingway had once taken from her.

At first the man said that he had married Carlotta Steffens four months ago in Chicago, having met her in Hot Springs a year before. When a dispatch from Cincinnati said that her mother did not know that Carlotta was married, the man made it an excuse for saying that he had never married Carlotta.

He said that he had first heard of her through a friend of his, who described her beauty, charm of manner, her sprightliness of conversation. This was when she was in Indianapolis. Hemingway wrote to her asking her to come to Chicago. She refused. Then he went to Indianapolis to see her. He immediately asked her to go to California with him at once and she consented. They went to Chicago, where she purchased some clothes, and then started west.

"There was never any sentiment between us," aid Hemingway. "I never professed to love her and she did not profess to love me. Although she was very young she had much experience. Men fairly oursued her, and she has enjoyed the favor of two politicians of national fame that I know of. There was no reason why she should want to kill herself. She knew that I would give her all the money she needed and that I would pay her fare home any time she wanted to go.

"I have had bad luck ever since I knew her. She has been my hoodoo. First I lost a gold cigarette case with my monogram in diamonds, and I have lost steadily at the track. Now comes this affair."

He said much more in the same tenor, but these extracts show why the authorities of the Ingleside track ruled him off and why people in San Francisco have turned against him. They prefer to believe what Carlotta said in her last letter.

And this was the en dof "Carlo the Beautiful," who is dead at eighteen, who from childhood had known only the pleasure of living until her fate meet Robert Hemingway. The joy-loving girl ended her life at an age when most women are just beginning to live. There can be no better epitaph for her than the verdict of the Coroner's jury, which wisely says:

"The deceased, Carlotta Steffens, came to her death by a gunshot wound of the brain committed by herself with suicidal intent, during a melancholy mood."

HER FAREWELL LETTER TO THE MAN SHE LOVED.

Bob, Dear: Don't curse me when I am gone, please; but I am heartbroken and cannot live without you, as I love you with all my soul. You'll bury me, won't you, Bob?—Just a little dirt over the body of the girl who would not live without you, dear. I'm sorry I did such a wicked thing as gossip but I am so young, only remember, and you have trifled with my heart. Forgive me, dear, I beg of you. When you told me you did not care to talk with me I just longed to kiss you, throw my arms around your neck, but you would have knocked me down, so I die without one kiss. But I had one long look at your dear face.

Ask Con and Rose to forgive me, for I cannot do it again. Good-by, sweetheart. Again I will say you will never know how you gained the love of your little girl. CARLOTTA.

Mother's address is No. 625 West Fourth street, Cincinnati. Please mail a letterr there.

THEY DRANK HORSE MEDICINE.

Two Stablemen in Philadelphia Made Sick by It.

Philadelphia, Dec. 27.—A gallon of quinine and whisky, ordered for a valuable horse belonging to Miss Genevieve Winterbotham, daughter of a Chicago millionaire, was responsible for the temporary uselessness of two stablemen at Bryn Mawr.

When Miss Winterbotham, who is a student at Bryn Mawr college, came east she brought with her a valuable hay saddle horse, but on account of the change of climate the horse became ill, and it was necessary to secure the services of a veterinarian, who prescribed quinine and whisky. The mistress of the sick horse took special pains to procure the best brand of whisky obtainable, and taking it to the stable gave it to the men and told them how to use it.

When she called the next morning she approached the horse, but detected no smell of liquor. The stablemen, when seen and asked why the horse was not given any of the medicine, winked and said the demijohn must have been cracked, for it was empty. The two men were ill for the rest of the day, but declare they feel safe from catching a bad cold. The next supply of the fiery stuff was given in charge of the owner of the stable, to be administered to the horse by him.

AT THE PORT OF VENEZUELA

La Guayra as It Appears to Travellers.

IS BUILT ON A SHELF

It Is Dirty and Greasy and So are Its People.

There is the most decided contrast imaginable between the two chief ports of Venezuela, La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, the one sitting at the foot of a mountain range, the other at some distance from the hills. Both are hot, however, and to some extent unhealthy; although the foreigner, especially the German, has lived here with apparent immunity from endemic diseases for many years. The voyage to either La Guayra or Puerto Cabello, via Curacao, occupies about six days, with a call at Porto Rico on the way. La Guayra is 339 miles distant from Port of Spain, Trinidad, as the course along the coast is run; Puerto Cabello is about seventy miles from La Guayra and 115 from Curacao. If the last named is taken first on the southward voyage, the trip across from Curacao to La Guayra is made under half speed and generally at night, so that the roadstead is gained at dawn. Steep before you, then, rise the rugged mountains, forming the defensive bulwarks upon wanch the inhabitants of Venezuela rely strongly for repelling a foreign invasion. The enemy may be able to bombard or take La Guayra; he may possibly destrop all the buildings in this port of Caracas; but he will be likely to have a "tough time of it" in scaling the heights and gaining the mountain valley in which Venezuela's capital is situated. As viewed from the steamer's deck, there is no opening apparent in the mountain's serried ranks, no crack or crevice even, through which an invading army might gain access to the interior. The distance from La Guayra to Caracas, "as the crow flies," is only six miles; but the railroad between the two points winds its sonuous length over a distance of twenty-four miles in covering the space separating the mountain valley from the sea.

Unlike Puerto Cabello, La Guayra lies on an open bay, exposed to the great waves that come rolling in from the Caribbean and toss the visiting steamers and smaller craft about like chips and corks. A magnificent breakwater has improved the natural conditions greatly, and while it has been the cause of increased port charges, it has facilitated the landing of bot hfreight and passengers. And yet, be it never so easy of access, La Guayra is a port which would scarcely be visited at all, were it not that it affords the only entrance—is the natural gateway—to Caracas, the capital.

La Guayra is a picturesque port, certainly, so far as its appearance goes, its contours and colors, curving shoreline broken with red-roofed houses of stone, and huts of adobe, with verdant heights above, making it charming to the eye. But to other senses than the sight it does not favorably appeal. For its streets are narrow and dirty, its houses old and damp, many of them reveling in filth and squalor, undisguised by massive walls and patios attractive with plants and fountains. It is important commercially, this steaming, reeking city perched upon a narrow shelf cut out of the hill slopes stretching to the sea—and let that suffice. There are those who are compelled to reside here, whether they like it or no, and among them are the consuls of the various foreign governments, who, having accepted their positions, must stick to their posts a certain number of hours each day of legal labor, unless released by "leave," or driven out by the exigencies of war. It wa san American consul, who, having endured the many discomforts attendant upon life in La Guayra for several years, finally unburdened himself on the eve of departure for home, in the following lines:

"Adios to thee, La Guayra—City of the dark-eyed genie,
Land of mucho calor and of dolce far niente;
Home of the wailing burro, and the all-abounding flea;
Mann, gracias a Dios, I bid adieu to thee.

"Farewell, ye gloomy casas—better call them prison cells;
Ye narrow, crooked calles, reeking with assorted smells
Ye dirty little coffee shops and filthy peluquerias,
Offensive, dingy patios and fetid cuherias.

"Where beggars ride on horseback, like Spanish cavaliers,
And vagabonds perambulate like jolly gamboliers;
Where the lavanderas wash your ropa—when they feel inclined,
And hotel waiters strut about with shirts hung out behind.

"Good-bye, ye Latin greasers, Su atento servidor,
Que vaya bien, pues adios. My boat is on the shore.
O dirty people, dirty houses, despicable spot,
Departing, I salute you, in your city piping hot."

It may, perhaps, be questioned, if the consul perfectly observed the amenities of diplomatic intercourse, in riding his fiery Pegasus, rough-shod, as it were, over the feelings of the Guiaros—assuming that they may have seen his "poetry." But, in sooth, they think they now have cause to doubt the good faith of other diplomats, more recently. But let that pass. In order to avoid all friction of whatever sort, this article shall be confined to describing the picturesque features of the Venezuelan scenery, and without an allusion to the peculiarities of the Venezuelanos.

BEST PART OF LA GUAYRA.

The best part of La Guayra, if an expression may be allowed partaking of the nature of a "bull," lies outside the city, in the suburban towns of Macuto and Maiquatia, the latter place being the nearer of the two. Macuto is about four miles distant, and is the larger place, with greater attractions, possessing good hotels, surf bathing, fresh and salt water baths. Speaking of hotels reminds the writer of an experience in the "Gran Hotel Neptuno," of La Guayra, where he passed the better part of a night—but not to sleep. The hotel structure contained the inevitable "patio" but it was not so very attractive, being littered with old boxes and refuse, while a portion of it was given up to a stable for horses and burros. The Spanish-American houses in general are patterned after those in old Spain, being hollow squares surrounded by apartments usually two stories in height. The rooms are attractive exteriorly, since they open to the patio and sometimes give out upon the azotea, or roof-top of flat tiles, above which the stars of night glow serenly and the moon, at the proper time sheds its light.

Half a night's run, or, say, six hours of easy steaming, covers the distance between La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, the latter harbor being usually entered in the cool of a morning, when the mountains show purple in the distance and the white-walled city lies outspread before one as quiet as a city of the dead. The narrow channel leading to Puerto Cabello's harbor is guarded—or, at least, was until a short time ago—by the historic "Castillo del Libertador," named in honor of the great and only Bolivar. Be sure, by the way, to pronounce the proper name Bolevar, with the accent on the "ee," for the Venezuelans are as insistent upon this as our Arkansaans are upon the "saw" in Arkansas.

It is a great pity that the old castle should have been destroyed, for this square fortress of gray and yellow stone, low-flying and massive, with its crenellated parapet and ornate sentry boxes, was a survival of the buccaneer perior, ante-dating by many years the time of Bolivar. When the Spanish Main was the haunt of pirate and buccaneer, the "castillo" was here to defend the growing town of Puerto Cabello from their ravages. Morgan and Drake and Hawkins, said, in deed, many others of their ilk, came here upon pillage and rapine. It is a cherished tradition among the seafarers of these parts that the remains of Sir Francis Drake, he anchored off the castle, in water sixty fathoms deep. Drake and Hawkins sailed their last voyage together; indeed, the latter dying and being put overboard off the east end of Porto Rico, and the former, who also died at sea on the same voyage, having been placed in a leaden casket and sunk off Porto Bello. The similarity of the two names probably gave rise to the tradition that Drake lies at the bottom of the sea off Puerto Cabello. Some famous lines commemorate the fact, lines good enough to be quoted:

"Where Drake first found, there last he lost his name,
And for a tomb left nothing but his fame;
His body's buried under some great wave;
Go see, that was his glory, is his grave;
On whom no epitaph some naw can make;
For who can say, Here lies Sir Francis Drake?"

Who, indeed? And, moreover, who can deny that the gallant sir Francis may have engaged this cosy "castillo," in his forays upon the city that it was constructed to defend? The old castle was a contemporary of his, anyway, and should have been spared for its antiquity, if for nothing else. In the museum at Caracas they show the standard of Pizarro, the sword of Bolivar, a medal bearing the effigy of Washington, and cannon of the conquistadores' times; while Puerto Cabello prized beyond compare its ancient castillo, with its clustering traditions of events passed by long centuries since.

Puerto Cabello has a more Oriental aspect than La Guayra, its architecture being really Hispano-Moresque, not so many of its houses having been "improved" to meet the demands of a foreign taste. Not that one should sneer at improvements, especially after viewing what has been accomplished here, with the assistance of energetic foreigners, such as the reconstruction of the custom house, the creation of a fine plaza, adorned with beautiful palms and other tropical trees, and the widening of the streets. Many of the palms in the "parque" or plaza, show perforations in their stems, these same being from bullets fired at random during many revolutions. The parque lies opposite the castle, which itself stands at the harbor entrance, and yet near to shore. There may be some Venezuelans who will rejoice at the destruction of the castle, since its guns have often been trained ashore upon inoffensive people, when its garrisons were among those who had "pronounced" against the government, or vice versa.

The city has a background of hills and misty mountains, but it lies farther away than that of La Guayra, leaving an extensive plain for the city's growth. Fine as are Puerto Cabello's stone and mortar houses, the visitor may find more of interest in its suburbs, where dwelt the poorer classes. Huts of reeds, plastered with mud and thatched with palm leaves, are scattered about in the groves of cocoa palms, some of the surrounded by gardens filled with choicest bloom. All growth of the tropics may be shown here—all such as are capable of being brought from the inland forests, or are indigenous, for the climate is kind to all natives of hot regions. The ground is in places covered with veritable sheets of colored flowers, and despite the squalor of the people who dwell in the huts of palm, the air is always sweet, outside of the huts, and the senses are regaled in many ways. The colors of the flowers vie with those of the house in town, which are blue and pink, yellow and straw color, their undulating lines of roof tiles being tinted terra cotta, richest brown and reds.

The city, in fact, is attractive front and rear, and straight streets connect the seawall with the palm groves that seem to fill the plain contiguous to the foothills. Into the hills penetrate a railroad connecting with Valencia and the interior, over which it were well worth the while to take a trip. As in the climb from La Guayra to Caracas, the products of two or three ones of vegetation are brought within view as the steeps are overcome; first, the region of cocoa palms, then that of semi-tropical trees, such as oranges, limes and palmettos, until the temperate section is shown in the plain of Valencia. The journey might be continued all the way to the capitol, if perchance the region be accessible at present, but a taste of the climate and vegetation of Venezuela's coast country is afforded by either the ride from La Guayra to Caracas, or from Puerto Cabello to Valencia.

TELL TALES OF SUFFERING.

Wives of Non-Union Men Appear Before Commission.

Scranton Pa., Dec. 26—Two wives of non-union workers who suffered extreme hardships during the strike told the coal commission their pathetic stories. Other witnesses described boycotts and forms of violence existing in the upper district. The commission will meet next in Philadelphia on January 6.

With a baby at her breast and tears upon her cheeks Mrs. Rhoda Snyder of Wilkesbarre related her sufferings.

"My husband was a non-union worker, and the strikers persecuted me in consequence," she said. "My husband could not come from the mines, because he was afraid he would be assaulted.

"One night about forty men came to my house and told me that if my husband did not quit work I would be killed. I determined to move. The strikers stopped several teamsters from hauling my goods, but I got one at last and took some of my effects away. I took refuge at my mother's house.

"Did you complain to the mine workers?" Attorney Lenahan asked.

"Yes. I went to headquarters and told John Fallon, national board member. He promised to look into the case. The house was burned down that night and all the furniture which was not stolen was burned.

"I went to the house and saw the mob which surrounded it. 'Kill her!' 'Dynamite her!' 'Blow her up; she's a scab's wife!'

Mrs. John Klomonski did not escape so easily. Shots were fired into her house and one night a mob beat her so severely that she was laid up for a month. Her son was also beaten and still bears scars upon his head.

She left her house and got board in another part of the town, but after three days she said the strikers discovered her and the boarding master was ordered to turn her out. He did so, and there was nothing left for her but to apply to a charitable association for aid. She was kept at the home for some time.

For the first time in the evidence of the opposing side John Mitchell was connected with what might be termed a boycott. The evidence was given by L. L. Sprague, president of Wyoming university.

"I purchased some coal from the Kingston Coal company," he said, "and was informed that their teamsters were on strike with the other union men. I engaged local teamsters and got a few loads before the strikers refused to allow them to haul more. Then I went to the Turgess to demand the aid of the authorities. He called Mr. Mitchell by telephone. Mr. Mitchell said that I might have what coal was mined before the strike if the company wouold haul it to the depot and let me take it from there. I would not be allowed to haul it directly from the company's ground he said."

Stories of the attacks upon the property of the Elk Hill Coal and Iron company were given by L. F. Thompson. He said the strikers stopped the company from running water from the mine to the dam, where it was used for the washeries, and made frequent attacks upon the workers. He said the office was fired into by mobs.

"About 250 men made a concerted attack upon us one day," he added. "We heard a pistol shot. It was the signal, and the crowd arose from the underbrush in a circle and rushed upon us. We took refuge in the carpenter shop and the crowd fired upon us. Two men were hit.

Charles Arnold, secretary of the local fire company, told a story of boycotting.

"A letter was received from Local No. 61, he said, "asking that the company expel all its members who were working at the mines. I was one, and was expelled."

"And your services in the company were for the protection of the lives and property of the people from fire?" asked General Wilson.

"Yes, sir."

"And were you a volunteer?"

"Yes, sir."

John Otto told how, because he worked, he was refused goods by the merchants. John Dolan said threats were made that his house would be blown up if he did not stop work. He, too, was refused goods at the stores.

James D. Lewis said that previous to the strike he heard Mr. Mitchell make a speech, in which he said: "Stand loyal to the union, whether it is right or wrong."

Before adjournment Judge Gray said he desired there should be no further delay on the part of the operators in filling out the blanks submitted by the commission regarding information desired, and he expected that all would be complete when the commission next met.

PUBLIC SALE OF REGISTERED SHORT HORNS

At Union Stock Yards

Wichita, Kan., Thursday, January 1, 1903

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